

# THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

VOL. XVI., NO. 4931

PORTSMOUTH, N. H. WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1900.

PRICE 2 CENTS

In our vast assortment all grades are represented. We can sell a serviceable Overcoat or Suit as low as Seven-Fifty to Ten Dollars. Besides this we make a specialty of finer grades of clothing; as good as the best; better than most stores carry; about as good as custom made.

Our stock of Underwear, Hosiery and Gloves, together with all sorts of Neckwear, Pajamas, Sweaters, etc., affords a splendid choice and low prices.

**Henry Peyser & Son.**

**WRAPPING PAPER  
-TWINE-**

**PAPER BAGS.**

**A. P. WENDELL & CO.**

2 MARKET SQUARE.

**TAKE NOTICE.**

Now is the time to buy HARNESES; we have a few at low prices. They will be higher.

**JOHN S. TILTON'S**  
Congress Street.

**HERALD ADS GIVE BEST RESULTS**

Try One And Be Convinced.

**Gray & Prime**

DELIVER

**COAL**

IN BAGS

NO DUST

NO NOISE

111 Market St.

Telephone 2-4.

**SANTAL MIDY**  
These tiny Capsules are superior to Balsam of Capiba, Cubeb or Injections and CURE IN 48 HOURS the same diseases without inconvenience.  
Sold by all Druggists.

WANTED—Hunting young man to make \$20 per month and expenses. Permanent position. Experience unnecessary. Write quick for particulars. CLARK & CO., 4th and Locust streets, Phila., Pa.

**HAIGHT & FREESE CO.,**

85 STATE ST., BOSTON.

53 Broadway, New York.

402 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Connected by Private Wires.

Flocks, Hens, Grain and Cotton bought and sold for cash or upon moderate margin.

Stocks, 10 Shares and Upward.

Wheat, 1000 Bushels and Upward.

Cotton, 100 Bales and Upward.

Commission, 1-16.

Out of town accounts given special attention.

We are pleased to send our daily Market Letter and Quotation Record FREE upon mailed or personal application, as well as designate the stocks which, in our judgment, will be most profitable for now on. Correspondence on general financial matters are promptly answered.

HAIGHT & FREESE CO.,

85 State St., Boston.

CHICKEN STAR ENGLISH

**PENNYROYAL PILLS**

SALE: Every bottle of this English Pills is guaranteed to cure all cases of Catarrh of the Bladder, Gleet, Stricture, Hemorrhoids, Piles, and all other diseases of the Urinary and Rectal Organs. It is a powerful and reliable remedy, and is sold by all Druggists.

Medicine taken here.

## SENATOR DAVIS.

**Dies After A Two-Months' Illness.**

**He Apparently Suffered No Pain At The End.**

**Delegation That Will Represent The Senate At His Funeral.**

ST. PAUL, Nov. 27.—United States Senator Cushman Kellogg Davis, chairman of the committee on foreign relations of the senate, died at his home in this city this evening at 8:48 o'clock, after an illness of two months. He had acute kidney trouble. Senator Davis had suffered greatly during the latter part of his illness, but he was unconscious for several hours directly preceding his death and apparently suffered no pain at the end. It is believed that the senator's iron will was all that had kept him alive for the past week. The kidney affection developed on November 11th and his weakened constitution would not withstand it. Almost every day during his illness hundreds of messages of inquiry and sympathy have been received at his home from members of the diplomatic corps and high government officials, as well as those in the humbler walks of life.

To Represent Senate At Funeral.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 27.—The sergeant-at-arms of the senate, after announcing Senator Davis' death, notified the following to represent the senate at the funeral: Nelson, Cullom, Lodge, Foraker, Walcott, Morgan, Daniels, Clark (of Wyoming) and Pettigrew.

**HELEN GOULD'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.**

NEW YORK, Nov. 27.—Miss Helen Gould, accompanied by her maid, recently visited a big downtown department store and purchased over \$3000 worth of clothing and toilet articles, which she ordered dispatched to the distributing office of the United States army at Manila, Philippine Islands. The goods will be presented, with Miss Gould's compliments and Christmas greetings, to the New Yorkers of the troops in the Philippines. Miss Gould personally selected every article.

**HERE'S AN ENTHUSIAST.**

NEW YORK, Nov. 27.—George Carter, Yale '87, who played tackle on the team captained by Harry Beecher, came all the way from Honolulu to see the recent game at New Haven and brought his wife along. He was on the road for seventeen days and before he gets back home he will have traveled 11,410 miles and the trip will have cost him more than one thousand dollars.

**REAL THIEF CONFESSES.**

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 27.—John Carney, a noted diamond thief, today confessed that he stole fifty thousand dollars' worth of precious stones from Earle's store last June. This confession liberates William M. Henderson, who is now in jail awaiting trial for the offense.

**RUHLIN TO FIGHT MAHER.**

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 27.—Ruhlin and Maher were matched today to fight six rounds before the Penn Art Athletic club in this city on December 17th. The fight will be for sixty per cent. of the gross receipts, with a guarantee of \$3500.

**DISPERSING THEM.**

MANILA, Nov. 27.—Many bands of rebels are being dispersed in the province of Balacan by General Grant's mounted scouts. Bates reports the capture of thirty-three, six of whom murdered seven Americans last spring.

**WEATHER INDICATIONS.**

WASHINGTON, Nov. 27.—Forecast for New England: Generally fair Wednesday and Thursday, preceded by snow in eastern portion early on Wednesday; diminishing north winds.

**PUTNAM TO BE RELEASED.**

EXETER, N. H., Nov. 27.—J. Warren Towle of Exeter has been notified by Warren Cox of the state prison at Concord that Warren F. Putnam, at one time one of the most prominent business men of this town, will be released from that institution in January. Putnam was the president of the National Granite State bank. By his operations its finances were heavily impaired, and the bank was closed permanently by order of the comptroller of the currency. The president was regarded as somewhat of a high liver and was the owner of the very best horses. It was found that he was in debt many thousands of dollars to the bank and he was arrested in 1896, tried and convicted. He was sentenced to serve a term of five years in the state prison. Since then his friends, believing that Putnam had been more negligent than criminal, have endeavored to have him pardoned. Before the expiration of President Cleveland's second term a petition for a pardon was drawn up and Mr. Towle, who worked hard in the ex-banker's behalf, went to Washington and laid the matter before the president, but the petition was denied. Putnam's term of imprisonment would not have expired until 1901, but on account of his exemplary conduct Warren Cox announced that he would be released at the opening of the new year. Notwithstanding Putnam's downfall, he has many friends here and it is thought he may engage in some line of business.

**THE VICE CRUSADE COMMENCES.**

NEW YORK, Nov. 27.—An open meeting held to devise ways and means of restricting vice in New York city and of restoring good morals took place at the chamber of commerce this afternoon. It was called to order by Morris K. Jesup, president of the chamber, who stated the object of the gathering. On motion of former Mayor Abram S. Hewitt, Charles Stewart Smith was chosen chairman. A letter from Bishop Ricker, explaining why he could not be present was read.

Addresses were made by Mr. Hewitt, Felix Adler, St. Clair McElwain, (editor of the Brooklyn Eagle,) and Rev. Dr. Paddock, (rector of the pro-cathedral,) who appeared as the representative of Bishop Potter. A resolution was adopted providing for the appointment of a committee of fifteen to bring to account those officials responsible for the present immoral condition of affairs and institute proceedings against them. The meeting adjourned to the call of the chairman, who will name this committee later.

**ANTI-BRITISH RISING.**

LONDON, Nov. 28, 2:30 A. M.—The Daily Mail publishes this morning an alarming despatch from Cape Town, which says that the anti-British uprising in Cape Colony is assuming dangerous proportions, owing largely to false stories about British barbarities in the Orange River colony and the Transvaal. The loyalists fear that the Dutch congress next week will be the signal for a general uprising and they are insisting that martial law be maintained. It is conceded that the present situation is graver than at any other time since the beginning of the war. The Mail, commenting editorially upon the Cape Town news, adopts a serious tone. It says the difficulty is accentuated by the withdrawal of British troops from Cape Colony.

**ALLEGED ASSASSINATION PLOT.**

NEW YORK, Nov. 27.—The police of Hoboken, N. J., have received a letter alleging the existence of a plot to assassinate President McKinley. The writer of the letter gave in his communication, the name of the alleged chief conspirator, which the police refuse to make public at this time. The letter is illegibly signed. The writer, the police say, has been located, and his story will be investigated.

**Has No Information.**

WASHINGTON, Nov. 27.—Chief Wilkie of the United States secret service said today that the government has no information whatever of the alleged plot to assassinate President McKinley.

**KRUGER ASKS ARBITRATION.**

LONDON, Nov. 28, 3:0 A. M.—The Vienna correspondent of the Chronicle says he hears that Kruger has petitioned the powers for arbitration under the terms of The Hague convention, that two governments acceded to his request, but that all the others rejected it.

**THE CHINESE ISSUE.**

**Chinese Barbarities.**

BERLIN, Nov. 27.—Several papers here have published letters from German soldiers in China, telling of awful cruelties perpetrated by the Chinese upon foreigners. It seems that the limbs of the German Lieutenant Friedrich and two Italians, prisoners, were severed one by one, until the tortured victims perished. "Thus is every prisoner treated by them," says one letter. Official confirmation has been received of the report that Field Marshal von Waldersee has ordered the publication of such letters in the Berlin papers stopped and has threatened to summarily punish the author of any letter whose recipient shall consent to its appearance in print.

**To Defend Coasts**

SHANGHAI, Nov. 27.—It is reported from Nankin that all the viceroys and governors have been ordered to prepare to defend all coasts and rivers deemed important.

**To Arrest Tuan**

SHANGHAI, Nov. 27.—It is asserted in Chinese quarters that a force of palace guards has been sent from Sian-Fu to arrest Prince Tuan, who is said to be raising a guard among the Mongolian princes.

**THE PRESIDENT'S TURKEY.**

WASHINGTON, Nov. 27.—For many years the turkey that the president and his family have eaten on Thanksgiving day has come from Rhode Island, being invariably sent by the same man, who lives in Westerly. This year, however, no fowl has arrived from there, but a magnificent bird has been received from Dr. J. S. Troxler of Outstown, Penn.

**One From Westerly, Too.**

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Nov. 27.—A despatch from Westerly says that the citizen who always supplies the president with a Thanksgiving turkey has sent one to him this year.

**PLOT AGAINST LORD ROBERTS.**

LONDON, Nov. 27.—The war office has received the following despatch, dated Johannesburg, Nov. 26th, from Lord Roberts: "As reports of a plot against my life will probably reach you, I believe you should know the facts. There was a plot in existence and five Italians, four Greeks and one Frenchman are under arrest awaiting trial. It was planned to explode a mine under St. Mary's church during the morning service at eleven o'clock on November 13th."

**AMBUSHED.**

MANILA, Nov. 27.—A detachment of the Third U. S. Infantry was ambushed last Saturday near Malolos. The leaders fired unexpectedly upon the troops, killing two privates of Company F and wounding three. The rebels made their escape into a swamp.

**LOST ON LAKE ERIE.**

SANDUSKY, OHIO, Nov. 27.—A steamer which has just arrived here brings the news that the schooner Maumee Valley, with her crew of seven, was lost by foundering at Point Pelee, on Lake Erie.

**MARCONI HAS SOLVED IT.**

LONDON, Nov. 28, 2:30 A. M.—Signor Marconi, according to the Express, has at last practically solved ocean transmission by wireless telegraphy and will soon be able to use his system to forward messages across the Atlantic.

**NAVAL ORDERS.**

These naval orders have been issued: Lieut. G. R. Clark, granted sick leave for three months. Lieut. William E. Safford, from the Philadelphia to the Independence. Assistant Surgeon O. R. Burr, to duty on Monongahela. Paymaster J. C. Sullivan, from the Adams to duty on the Wisconsin. Assistant Paymaster F. M. Perkins, from the Mare Island yard to the Adams.

**RITA.**

Rita, by Laura E. Richards, is the fourth volume in the series by this author, published by Dana Estes & Company, Boston, and is an interesting story of Rita, the Cuban Margaret, and her friends in the Spanish war. It is a story of dangers and heroism, privations, and almost extravagant and tender sentiments. In 16 mo. cloth, with handsome cover design, \$1.25.

**HEARD AT RANDOM.**

**A Good Way To Kill Time**

"If a man wants to do something to kill time," said an observer of events and things recently, "just let him try to open a window in a railroad train. He can kill a whole lot of it in that way. It'll keep him busier than a contrary hen in the flower garden does a shooting woman. I had an experience with a window while riding to Boston a day or two ago that convinced me. I sat in the smoker and as the air got pretty close, I thought I'd let in a little supply from the cold storage outdoors. So I tackled the window. It saw me coming. Every art that I knew couldn't budge it a bit. Finally I got mad and in my anger hurt my finger nail. I rested a minute and then started in again. I could hear that window sickening at me. Somebody in the seat behind me snickered, too. So I went across the aisle and tried to put up another window. That was in the combine also, and I had to give up defeated. Hereafter when anybody on a train asks me to raise a window for them, I'll throw my satchel at him."

**Might Be Copied Here.**

A man who rides on trolley cars a great deal and keeps pretty well posted about them said recently: "The management of the electric railway in Manchester is doing something that might be copied to good advantage in this city. Up there all the cars are being equipped with rubber rollers for the doors, the roll binding on the side of the door and preventing it from rattling. It also makes the doors open with less noise. Every car that goes into the stable is fitted with this improvement at once and the rollers will soon be on all of them."

**A New And Bright Idea.**

"I'll show you a way to remove ink stains that'll stand the test every time," remarked a man, on Sunday night, as he watched a reporter trying to scrape a big blotch of Carter's writing fluid from his hand. "I guess you've never happened to hear of it. You just moisten your hand with water and then let the heat from a sulphur match dry it. Try two or three matches, if necessary. The fumes of the sulphur will take away every trace of ink, dye and many other substances that stain." And he proceeded to prove his assertion.

**Prediction Of Snow Storms.**

A citizen whose age has passed the three and a half score limit predicted, on Tuesday, that there will be thirty-three snow storms this winter. "I use," said he, "a combination of the day of the week, the age of the moon and the day of the month, and in this way I make the total of storms for this season thirty-three. I feel confident that I shall come within two or three of the correct number, anyway. There is a man down in Brookfield, Mass., named Steele, who makes his computations along the same lines that I do, and has good success."

**Coal Famine Not Unlikely.**

Said a coal dealer, on Tuesday: "We hear from New York that there are fears of a coal famine in the east. The dealers in Brooklyn say that the present supply is very short and it is impossible for them to get any more coal. Where they have a ton, there is a demand for a dozen tons. Now if this is so, it is not at all unlikely that the shortage may extend to Portsmouth and we may be affected seriously. It is a good thing that the winter has held off so long, or there would certainly have been quite a lot of trouble."

**DIED.**

BRANLEY, 12 Malden, Mass., Nov. 24th, 1891.

**NOTEL EMPIRE**

BROADWAY AND 634 ST., N. Y. CITY.

ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF

European Plan Exclusively.

Perfect Cuisine

Efficient Service

First Library

Select Patronage

Sensible people who seek comfort without waste and elegance without ostentation will find the Empire an ideal hotel.

**MODERATE RATES.**

From the Fall River boats take the 9th Ave. Elevated to 59th St., from which hotel is one minute's walk.

Within ten minutes of amusement and shopping centres. All cars pass the Empire.

Send postal for descriptive booklet.

W. JOHNSON QUINN, Proprietor.

**TWO STORIES.**

An amusing incident in connection with a recent bargain sale in this city was that of the young lady who found a dainty piece of brie a brace, which she purchased at low down figures. Soon after, the whistle club of which she is a member met at her home and her chagrin can hardly be imagined when she discovered that the fortunate winner of the first prize (the aforesaid piece of brie-a-brace) was the very clerk who sold it to her.

Speaking of sales, many stories have been told of the rummage sales which have been so numerous this fall; but none are better than the tale about the set of false teeth that was displayed at one of them not many miles from Portsmouth. Not only did several would-be customers try them on, to see if they would fit, but at last a customer bought them and carried them away in triumph. This is the solemn truth.

**Salt Rheum**

It may become chronic.

It may cover the body with large, inflamed, burning, itching, scaling patches and cause intense suffering. It has been known to do so.

Do not delay treatment.

Thoroughly cleanse the system of the humors on which this ailment depends and prevent their return.

The medicine taken by Mrs. Ida E. Ward, Cove Point, Md., was Hood's Sarsaparilla. She writes: "I had disagreeable itching on my arms which I concluded was salt rheum. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and in two days felt better. It was not long before I was cured, and I have never had any skin disease since."

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**

Promises to cure and keeps the promise. It is positively unequalled for all cutaneous eruptions. Take it.

**MUSIC HALL.**

F. W. HARTFORD, MANAGER.

**Thursday, Nov. 29,**

THANKSGIVING DAY,

AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

THE POPULAR THEATRICAL FAD,

**High Class Vaudeville**

16 OF THE BEST-KNOWN

PEOPLE ON THE CIRCUIT

PRICES TO SUIT.

The Following List of People Will

Appear:

Lyons & Crowley,

Reed & Shaw,

Sunderland & Foobas,

Winstanley & Sullivan,

Miss Frances Harrison

Fox & Ward,

Miss Myra Deane,

Henry T. Waite,

Tommy White,

Deno & Reno.

**EVERYTHING IS REFINED.**

**Friday Evening, Nov. 30th.**

The Magnificent Scenic Production

OF THE

Marvelous Melodrama of Mysticism

... THE ...

**Sorrows of Satan**

ADAPTED AND DRAMATIZED FROM THE

FAMOUS NOVEL OF

**MARIE CORELLI.**

**REGULAR PRICES**

Seats on sale at Music Hall Box Office

Wednesday morning, Nov. 29th.

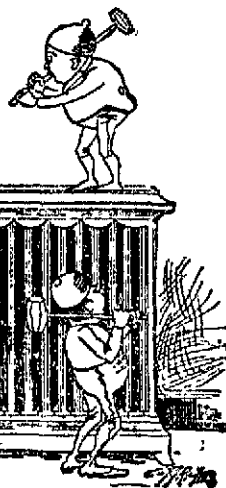
Advertise your business through the

columns of the HERALD. It pays!







Granite State  
Fire Insurance Company  
OF PORTSMOUTH, N. H.  
  
Paid-Up Capital, \$200,000  
  
OFFICERS:  
President, FRANK JONES;  
Vice President, JOHN W. SANBORN;  
Secretary, ALFRED F. HOWARD;  
Treasurer, JOHN W. EMERY;  
Committee, JUSTIN V. SANBORN;  
Committee, FRANK JONES;  
Committee, JOHN W. SANBORN, CHARLES A.  
SINCLAIR, ALBERT WALLACE  
and E. H. WINCHESTER.  
  
We Are Now Receiving Two  
Cargos of  
PORTLAND CEMENT  
AND THE  
HOFFMAN CEMENT  
  
The only lot of fresh cement in the city  
We have the largest stock  
and constant shipments en-  
sure the newest cements.  
  
J. A. & A. W. WALKER  
137 MARKET ST.  
  
That Hammering Noise  
Is your radiator remedied,  
and all other defects or  
repairs attended to by....  
G. B. CHADWICK & CO.  
Machinists,  
11 BOW ST., PORTSMOUTH, N. H.  
  
STANDARD BRAND.  
Newark cement  
400 Barrels of the above Cement Jus-  
Landed.  
  
HIS COMPANY'S CEMENT  
Has been on the market for the past fifty  
years. It has been used on the  
Principal Government and Other  
Public Works,  
and has received the commendation of  
many Architects and Consumers generally.  
Persons wanting cement should not be  
deceived. Obtain the best.  
FOR SALE BY  
JOHN H. BROUGHTON  
  
"A WORD TO THE WISE  
is sufficient."  
  
Refrigerators  
AND  
Go-carts  
  
Are somewhat out of season to  
advertise, we admit, but we want  
to call your attention to the fact  
that we are making  
Specially Low Prices  
  
On these two lines of goods just  
now in order to close out our  
surplus stock which otherwise  
will have to be carried over to  
another season.  
  
Prudent People  
Take advantage of the trader's  
dilemma and thus secure real  
bargains.  
  
W. E. Paul  
39 to 45 Market St.

THE POET'S LAY.  
He that has sipped from the honey cell,  
O listen him, and I will tell thee,  
His are the thoughts that live with roses,  
With cloud shapes where the sun gate closes;  
The gushings through green summer leaves  
Are in the measure that he weaves;  
There all the secrets murmured, purled  
By bees in the rosiest comb,  
Or in the winds of the nesting tree,  
Not sleep can keep from melody,  
Light fancy has he, frail and fair,  
Like the orchid, rooted in the air,  
And yet so searching is his art  
Gray earth grows happy at his heart,  
And wonders he the while he sings  
At stranger's bright, eternal things.  
The accent is not all his own;  
Believes the good things on alone.  
—John Vance Cheney in Atlantic.

THE IRISH WITNESS.  
Often a Cause of Surprise to Court  
and Council.  
The proverbial humor of the Irish is  
shown by the majesty of the law. Such  
cases cited in an article in The Green  
Bag on "Vicissitudes of Irish Wit-  
nesses." The writer says:  
"The Irish witness, especially when be-  
longing to the peasant class, is often a  
trial to the counsel, for not only is he  
quick at repartee, but his answers are  
often confusing by their quaintness and  
whimsicality.  
In the bankruptcy court I once heard a  
witness asked the amount of his gross in-  
come.  
"My gross income is it? Sure, an I'd  
have ye know that I've no gross income.  
I'm a fisherman, an' me income is all  
net," was the astonishing reply.  
These witnesses are often confused  
through the misunderstanding of words  
and phrases, and as a consequence many  
a laugh cannot be suppressed, even by  
the most strict tipstaff.  
"He called me out of me name," said a  
witness in a case of assault. The justice,  
trying to preserve the relevancy of the  
witness's testimony, said:  
"That's a civil action, my good wo-  
man."  
The witness's eyes flashed fire as she  
looked up at the justice.  
"Musha, thin, if ye call that a civil ac-  
tion 'tis a bad bla-gard ye must be yer-  
self."  
I once heard a clerk ask a witness to  
take the Bible in his right hand. The  
witness replied that he would not do so  
and continued to hold out his left. Then  
the court thundered out:  
"Take the book in your right hand,  
sir!"  
"Begorra, if ye say so, I'll do it, but  
I'm not responsible for what I do,"  
"What do ye mean?"  
"Musha, it's left handed I am, an me  
right hand can't be depended on at all, at  
all."  
The witness evidently thought that his  
physical incapacity would affect the value  
of his testimony if he used the right hand  
for holding the book.  
In a case of assault on a wife by her  
husband, the counsel for the complainant,  
after she had been sworn, asked most in-  
sistently and with a look at the justice  
which was intended to create sympathy:  
"And now, Mrs. O'Sullivan, will you  
kindly tell the court whether your hus-  
band was in the habit of striking you  
with impunity?"  
The counsel looked again at the justice  
while awaiting the reply.  
"With what, sor?"  
"With impunity."  
"Faix, he did, sor, now and thin, but  
he struck me more often with his fist!"  
The counsel was compelled to smile,  
but he was equal to the occasion, for he  
immediately asked:  
"And that hurt you more?"  
"Indeed it did, sor," was the reply.  
When the great O'Connell roused the  
ire of a fishwife by calling her a "para-  
loctrogan," the world laughed, but only a  
few months ago a woman asked for a  
pound against a man for using abusive  
language to her street. "What did he  
say?" asked the magistrate. "He wit-  
nessed the whole world at the corner of  
Chapel street an called me—yis, he did,  
yer worship—an ould excommunicated  
gasmeter!"  
  
Sugar.  
Every year fewer pounds for pound pre-  
serves are made. Why? Well, in old  
days sugar was not as plenty and as  
cheap as it is now. It was used more as  
a food and was more craved by the ap-  
petite. Nowadays we use sugar in abun-  
dant and do not need preserves so much.  
They don't "taste as good as they used."  
We don't like things as sweet as we used  
to because of a sort of digestive recoil  
from so much sweetness. Therefore we  
may now allow a quarter of a pound of sugar  
to a pound of fruit for canning and for  
preserves not over three-fourths of a  
pound, while marmalades and jams will  
do with the same proportion. Only jel-  
lies require the pound to a pint rule to  
give the proper consistency.  
  
Her Stock of German.  
Among the anecdotes that are told of  
Max Muller is the following, which re-  
lates to Liszt's last visit to London: At a  
supper given to him by Sir Henry Irving  
the great pianist was placed between Pro-  
fessor Max Muller and Ellen Terry. Liszt  
was not in a good humor. He re-  
fused to speak English, and Miss Terry  
would not venture on German or French,  
so the professor had to interpret. Final-  
ly Miss Terry turned to him and said,  
"Tell Liszt that I can speak German."  
And when he turned to listen she said in  
her girlish, bell-like voice: "Lieber Liszt,  
ich liebe dich" (Dear Liszt, I love you).  
  
Not a Glass Bont.  
There is a story concerning two Eng-  
lishmen who were on a holiday in the  
north of Scotland last summer.  
While out driving one day they stopped  
at a point of the loch where an attractive  
yacht lay at anchor close to the land.  
One of them shouted to the mate, an old  
highlander, walking along the dock:  
"I say, mister, can we have a look  
through that yacht?"  
"Na, na," replied the highlander. "This  
boat is no' made o' glass, my man; it's  
made o' iron."  
  
Rubber Stamps.  
Rubber stamps were used by the Moors  
a thousand years before Christ, and about  
the time Rome was founded the same in-  
genious race invented the self-registering  
turnstile, such as is used today to check  
the admissions to places of public enter-  
tainment.  
At the Sandy Hook lighthouse waves  
in a storm break on the walls with a  
weight of three tons against every square  
inch.  
The first striking clock was made in  
1295.

A LUCKY DETECTIVE.  
THE STORY OF HOW ONE BANK THIEF  
WAS CAPTURED.  
After All Trace of the Absconder  
Was Lost an Innocent Man Put the Officer on  
the Right Trail.  
"One of the most remarkable and inter-  
esting cases I ever had anything to do  
with," said an ex-detective of New York,  
"was the robbery of the Townsend Sav-  
ings bank of New Haven, which occurred  
in 1896, I think. At any rate, it was  
shortly after the end of the civil war, in  
which great conflict the principal in the  
affair had distinguished himself and won  
many highly prized laurels. His name  
was Jerry Townsend, a son of the cas-  
tor, and a nephew of the president of the  
Townsend Savings bank of New Haven."  
Jerry, soon after his return from the  
war, was given a minor position in the  
bank, and being a clever, well educated  
fellow he rapidly advanced until he was  
made paying teller.  
"Well, things ran along all right for  
some time, until one fine morning the  
cashier discovered that about \$100,000  
in cash and bonds had been taken from  
the safe the preceding night. The safe  
had not been blown open. It was simply  
unlocked by some one having the lock  
combination. Now, according to the  
bank's rules, only the president, the cas-  
hier, and the assistant cashier had this  
combination, hence suspicion was not di-  
rected toward any other person at first.  
Jerry was hardly mentioned in connection  
with the robbery, until his father, the  
cashier, remembered that some days prior  
to the former had suggested the expedi-  
ency of his having the combination, so  
that in case of the absence of all the other  
officers at the same time he could have  
access to the safe if necessary. And the  
old gentleman, regarding the proposition  
reasonable, gave his son the combination;  
yet, strange to say, he had neglected to  
inform the president that he had done so.  
"Now, Jerry had sent word to the bank  
the day before the robbery was discovered  
that he was so ill he feared he would  
not be able to attend to his duties for a  
day or two. So he was not expected at  
the bank the day of the discovery. But  
as soon as his father had admitted that  
his son also could open the safe a mes-  
senger was sent to the latter's home. I  
hardly need say that he was not there.  
"Hitherto the bank officers had con-  
ducted the examination in their own way  
and as secretly as possible, yet when the  
paying teller could not be found by them  
and the story of the big steal was getting  
out they saw that other steps must at  
once be taken in the case, and so it came  
about that I was called to take a hand  
in the case.  
"After getting all the information possi-  
ble at the bank I struck out after the  
thief. I soon found that there was a girl  
in the case and that Jerry had spent part  
of the evening of the robbery at her home.  
From there he probably went to the bank  
and got away with the swag be-  
fore midnight, for about that time he  
called at a restaurant near the railroad  
station, and leaving a large valise with  
the bartender, he went away and did not  
return until just before the 2 o'clock  
train left for New York. He was seen  
to board that train, yet then and there  
the trail of the robber was lost—cutting  
lost. Indeed, the man vanished as com-  
pletely and suddenly as if the earth right  
there had opened and swallowed him.  
Not in New York or anywhere else could  
any trace of the absconder be found. The  
search was kept up for weeks, but all our  
efforts were fruitless.  
"After several months had passed I  
began to lose interest in the Townsend  
case, for, having other important pro-  
fessional matters to look after, I seldom  
gave it much thought. Of course the  
strange, mysterious disappearance of the  
culprit still excited wonder and specula-  
tion.  
"One day six or seven months after the  
robbery as I was walking leisurely up  
Broadway, New York, just below Wall  
street, I was approached by a man who  
requested me to direct him to a money  
broker, as he wished to dispose of some  
United States bonds and was a stranger  
in the city. My mind being pretty well  
occupied with another matter at the time,  
I gave this incident but little thought.  
We were near Wall street, and I pointed  
to the house of a well known firm in that  
street, and, assuring the man that it  
would be all right there, I walked on.  
But I had gone scarcely a block when the  
recollection of the Townsend bank robbery  
flashed like lightning through my  
mind. Might not this man have some of  
the Townsend bonds? I turned and fairly  
few back to the broker's office, to which  
I had just directed him and reached  
himly in time to meet the stranger  
coming out. Showing him my authority  
and taking the chances, I arrested him  
and took him back into the office. He  
had sold one bond there, which upon ex-  
amination I found to be one of the Town-  
send bank bonds. On searching the man  
for three more of these bonds I came to  
light, but what was of vastly more im-  
portance, he had on his person a letter  
from Jerry Townsend, dated Havana,  
to his sweetheart in Connecticut. This  
letter was to be delivered by the bearer  
to the lady in person, and it contained  
instructions to meet the writer at a cer-  
tain hotel in Liverpool at a certain future  
time.  
"That my prisoner was thoroughly  
scared I need not assert. He pleaded utter  
ignorance of the robbery and declared  
that he had made the acquaintance of the  
man who had given him the letter and the  
bonds some months before in Ha-  
vana, where the latter had posed as a  
captain of the United States army. Of  
course he went under a fictitious name  
there. The prisoner was held and the  
matter kept from the newspapers until I  
and some others, including an uncle of  
Jerry, had crossed over to Liverpool. All  
but some \$11,000, I think, was recovered,  
and the prisoner was brought back, tried,  
convicted and sentenced to prison for  
seven years."—Washington Post.

His Inspiration.  
The poet's eyes flashed as he heard a  
woman's footsteps upon the stairs.  
"Ah," he mused, "tis she! My inspira-  
tion!"  
And he fell to writing again.  
For he heard the footsteps of his land-  
lady, and his board was overdue.—Har-  
per's Bazar.

Had Them All.  
Professor (to student of surgery)—Please  
inform the class the names of bones form-  
ing the skull.  
Student—Ah—I do not at the present  
time remember, but I know that I  
have them all in my head.—Exchange.

POWER IN WAVE AND TIDE.  
Schemes to Harness It Have Been  
Endless and Fruitless.  
With visions of exhausted coal sup-  
plies, even though the end be far off,  
come thoughts of power from other  
sources than coal—from wind and water  
and from the restless ocean waves and  
tides. Of water power there are a goodly  
number of important installations, princi-  
pally in the United States, where electric  
power distribution from them over com-  
paratively long distances has reached a  
high state of development. In Great Brit-  
ain, on the other hand, power from wa-  
terfalls is a scarce commodity, and not  
much is to be hoped for in this direction,  
so that there is something of interest in  
a recent forecast of the country with  
regard to the power point of view stand-  
ing with huge windmills for generating  
electricity to be subsequently distributed  
to manufacturing centers. Many years,  
however, would have to elapse before  
such a scheme would be sufficiently de-  
ar to make such a scheme worth consider-  
ing in a practical way.  
Wave motors and tide power schemes  
have been almost endless in number. The  
former have, in a few instances, been  
used for light pumping work at seaside  
places, but such pumping outfits have  
been very far from demonstrating that  
the wave motor could ever be seriously  
considered as a prime mover where large  
powers are demanded—in fact, the wave  
motor is little better than a toy. As to  
power from the tides, there is little to be  
said except that much money has been  
wasted in vain endeavors to turn it to  
practical account. The tide power scheme  
probably always will be alluring and also  
disappointing.  
The disappointment comes from the  
fact that very few people seem to take  
the trouble to figure out how much water  
and how considerable a fall are required  
to give any useful amount of power. A  
horsepower for a day of ten hours, for  
example, would require something like  
120 tons of water falling from a height  
of 100 feet, so that a 500 horsepower  
factory, say, would need 60,000 tons of  
water at a 100 foot head. On the basis  
of 36 cubic feet of water to the ton there  
would thus be over 2,000,000 cubic feet  
of water, and this would make a fair  
sized pond, say about 1,000 feet long, 200  
feet wide and 10 feet deep.  
There is in these figures something that  
may help to open the eyes of the tide  
power plan inventor and of those who are  
in the habit of putting money into such  
things.—Cassier's Magazine.

LOBSTER AS A FENCER.  
His Skill Shows He Must Have Had  
Previous Experience.  
That fencing is a pastime among lob-  
sters I have no doubt, from some little  
experience I have had with them. Once  
I found a lobster near low water in a  
small some five foot long and six wide  
having a rough bottom and eight or ten  
inches of water on it, with a cavern at  
each end. Although I was armed with a  
crab hook or iron gaff about three feet  
long, the extreme daring and fencing of  
the lobster were too much for me to grap-  
ple with. When in the deeper caverns, I  
found it could see me through the water  
as plainly as I could see it, so that here  
the better constructed eyes of the genus  
homo had no advantage over the rough,  
hard stalk eyes of the crustacean; and as  
I could not get to gaff across it every ef-  
fort I made was evaded. At last, however,  
I overcame the enemy and secured the  
prize. I made the cavern so uncomfortable for  
the lobster that like a lightning flash it  
darted between my legs and into the less-  
er cavern. Here the same game went  
on with like results, for in a moment he  
was again between my legs and back into  
his old haunt.  
Finally, becoming tired of gaming and  
missing (for its fencing was perfect and  
could not have been achieved without  
long practice) I declined to be beaten by  
a mere crustacean and proceeded to bail  
out the pool. It was only by this effort  
that I overcame the foe. And here  
I must confess that although the lob-  
ster is so deaf, crafty and subtle were its ac-  
tions that it was like fighting a being en-  
dowed with human intelligence.  
I have further proof that they man-  
ifest a severe martial spirit in the sea  
when hunting for food. It is nothing un-  
common for a fisherman, when drawing  
up his traps in the morning, to find the  
large claws of another lobster in the pot  
beside the prisoner. And there have been  
instances when three large claws have  
been found together under the above con-  
ditions and a lobster with one arm as a  
prize, and another that in a recent fight  
the victor had slain the vanquished  
both its arms. But these are only  
trifles compared with what the late Sir  
Isaac Coffin saw on the coast of Nova  
Scotia, for it is given on his authority  
that he once witnessed a terrible battle  
between two armies of lobsters and that  
they fought with such fury that the shore  
was strewn with their claws.—Contem-  
porary Review.

Some Queer Tastes.  
"We have all sorts of odd customers,"  
said a restaurant proprietor, "who season  
their food in a most incongruous way.  
One man, whose choice dessert is peach  
pudding, must have it entirely covered  
with catchup before he will eat it. An-  
other regular customer spreads mustard  
thickly upon his doughnuts and custard  
pudding. I had a new one yesterday  
when a young man started to use the  
sugar shaker on his fried eggs. The sug-  
ar being damp, it would not come out  
readily, and he asked me to fix the shaker  
for him. Thinking he had made a mis-  
take, I told him that was the sugar and  
handed him the saltcellar.  
"I don't want salt," he said, "I want  
sugar, and I want you to fix that thing so  
that it will come out."  
I gave him a sugar bowl, and he  
dipped several spoonfuls over his fried  
eggs, which he seemed to enjoy immen-  
sely. Some people prefer sugar on lettuce,  
tomatoes and other vegetables. Others  
turn up their noses at such a use of the  
saccharine substance, preferring salt and  
pepper. There is no accounting for taste  
in the matter of edibles."—Exchange.

How He Disposed of Him.  
"Yes, sir," said the returned Klondiker,  
"one of my dogs, just a common mong-  
rel, saved my life."  
"And you were not heartless enough to  
sell him, were you?" he asked.  
"Naw, I ate him."—Indianapolis  
Press.

No Picnic.  
The trolley stops. An Irish lady and  
ten children climb in.  
Conductor—Are these your children,  
madam, or is it a picnic?  
The Lady—They are my children, and  
it's no picnic.—Schoolmaster.

VICTIMS OF VESUVIUS  
BURYING OF THE CITIES OF POMPEII  
AND HERCULANEUM.  
The Memorable Eruption by Which  
This Grim Destroyer Spread Horror  
and Death Under Its Rain of Vol-  
canic Ashes.  
Pompeii is believed to have had rather  
more than 20,000 inhabitants. The city  
stood on an elevation overlooking the  
sea, the whole of the bay of Naples be-  
ing in view, while in the background  
loomed grim Vesuvius, the destined de-  
stroyer. Close by flowed the river Sarno,  
which was crossed by a bridge. The vol-  
cano was supposed to be extinct, and its  
sides were cultivated all the way up to  
the summit. Grapes were largely grown,  
and wine making was an important in-  
dustry in the neighborhood, which like-  
wise produced cabbages famous for their  
excellence.  
It was the city of the clan of the Pom-  
peys, founded by the Oseans, an ancient  
Italian tribe, in the sixth century B. C.  
or earlier, afterward conquered by the  
Samnites, a rival tribe, and eventually  
absorbed by the mighty Rome. The culture  
of the people was very Greek. They wor-  
shipped various Greek gods and used the  
Greek names for their weights and meas-  
ures. Being so beautifully situated and  
having a delightful climate, Pompeii was  
a favorite resort of wealthy Romans,  
many of whom had villas there. Cicero  
had a handsome "cottage," as it would  
now be called, and the imperial family  
maintained a palace close by. The villas  
were mostly on the high ground back of  
the town toward Vesuvius and facing the  
sea.  
Small earthquakes were frequent, but  
not much was thought of them. On the  
5th day of February in the year 63 A. D.  
there came a tremendous shock, which  
was a warning of what was to follow. It  
threw down a large part of the city, in-  
cluding the beautiful temples of Jupiter,  
Apollo and Isis, but most of the damage  
was repaired by the time of the great cat-  
astrophe.  
The eruption which was destined to be  
so memorable began early in the morning  
of Feb. 24, 79 A. D. Spectators looking  
from a great distance saw a mighty cloud  
spread and overhang the city like a vast  
and ominous umbrella. There was still  
plenty of time to get away in safety, and  
thousands of the city's people did  
escape before the impending volcanic  
storm began. Judging from the number  
of skeletons thus far discovered it seems  
probable that not more than about 2,000  
persons actually perished. However, a  
great many who attempted to leave in  
boats may have lost their lives.  
Admiral Pilius, with a fleet, was not  
far away, and letters brought by mounted  
couriers reached him as early as 1 p. m.  
that day begging him to come as quickly  
as possible with his ships and help to  
rescue the people. He set sail immedi-  
ately, and arriving within sight of Ve-  
suvius at nightfall, ran into the jaws of  
punice that was then falling. It was  
impossible to make a landing at Pompeii,  
and so the disembarked at Stabiae, where  
it was halting clinders at such a rate that  
during the night he was obliged to leave  
the room in which he slept for fear lest  
the door might be blocked up. On the  
following morning he died, being suffo-  
cated by volcanic fumes.  
Early in the afternoon of Feb. 21 the  
hall of punice began to fall upon doomed  
Pompeii, the pieces averaging about the  
size of a walnut, together with torrent-  
of rain. It must then have been almost  
too late for anybody who remained in the  
city to get away. Repeated shocks of  
earthquake contributed to the horror of  
the scene, incidentally demolishing the  
bridge over the Sarno and so shutting off  
escape in that direction. Meanwhile riv-  
ers of punice mixed with water flowed  
down the slope of Vesuvius on the other  
side and overwhelmed the neighboring  
Herculaneum.  
The punice fell in Pompeii until the  
streets of the city were covered eight to  
ten feet deep with it. Its weight broke  
in the roofs of many of the houses, and  
the destruction of lives must have already  
been frightful. Nevertheless, many of  
the people still survived, seeking refuge  
in cellars and other such places of re-  
treat. They must have imagined that  
there was still hope when early in the  
morning of the next day (Feb. 25) there  
came a great shock, and ashes began fall-  
ing in a continuous shower with the rain.  
Though day had arrived it grew darker  
than ever, it possible, a cloud of frightful  
blackness settling down over the land,  
while the lightning and thunder were ap-  
alling. Shock followed shock, and the  
survivors must at last have concluded  
that their last hour was at hand. Such  
was in truth the case. The storm of ash  
lasted nearly all day long. They drift-  
ed in through the windows of the houses  
and suffocated all who remained alive.  
They covered the city with a sheet of  
death six to seven feet thick.  
Thus was completed the destruction of  
Pompeii. When it was all over, the roofs  
of many of the houses still emerged above  
the volcanic debris which had over-  
whelmed the city. Herculaneum, how-  
ever, had wholly disappeared under the  
streams of mud, 65 feet deep, in spots,  
which had flowed over it. This mud, be-  
ing a sort of natural concrete, soon hard-  
ened into stone, which is today of such  
solidity as to make excavation work ex-  
tremely difficult.—Washington Post.

Verbs From Proper Names.  
We say "to mesmerize," "to galvan-  
ize," "to guillotine," "to macadamize,"  
"to gerrymander." If the heroes of the  
Homeric epics were real persons, we  
may add "to Hector" and "to Pandar."  
Pamphylia, a Greek lady who compiled  
a history of the world in 35 little books,  
has given her name to "pamphlet" and  
"to pamphleteer." "To pasquinade" is  
due to Pasquino, a cobbler at Rome, in  
whose ugly face the Romans detected a  
resemblance to the statue of an ancient  
gladiator which was erected at the foot  
of St. Peter's. None on whose pedestal it  
was the practice to post lampoons. "To  
sandwich" is derived indirectly from the  
Earl of Sandwich, who invented a repast  
which enabled him to dispense with regu-  
lar meals when at cards.—Notre and  
Queries.

A Frank Confession.  
"When beauty is not skin deep, it be-  
comes a sort of skin game," observed the  
wise young woman as she transferred her  
creamy complexion from the powder box  
to her face.—Baltimore American.

VICTIMS OF A HOODOO MAT.  
Such Things Seem Remarkably  
Queer, but They Do Happen.  
"Speaking of luck," said a New Or-  
leans insurance man after somebody in  
the crowd had told a story about hoodoos,  
"I had a queer experience once with a  
straw hat. I bought it one evening on  
my way home and had walked hardly two  
blocks after putting it on when a piece of  
lumber fell off a scaffolding under which  
I was passing and struck me on the  
shoulder. It knocked me over, and as I  
fell my new hat flew off and landed in  
the gutter. I was pretty badly bruised,  
and the hat was so soiled that I sent it  
next morning to the cleaner's. I was laid  
up for three days by the accident, and  
just as I was leaving the house for the  
first time a messenger boy came to the  
door with the hat. I put it on and start-  
ed for the office, but as I was crossing  
Carondelet street I missed my footing  
and fell into a partly dug conduit trench.  
A sprained ankle was the net result of  
that mishap, and when I came home in a  
cab my wife held up her hands in holy  
horror.  
"I believe that's an unlucky hat!" she  
declared, looking around, womanlike, for  
a handy scapegoat. "Every time you wear  
it you get hurt." My brother-in-law, Jim,  
was in the house at the time, and he  
laughed heartily. "Give it to me," he said,  
"and I'll break the charm." "All right,"  
said I, and he carried it off. Early next  
morning his servant girl brought it back  
neatly wrapped up in tissue. "Mist' Jim  
says he ain't got no further use for dis  
yere hat," she announced. "He done put  
it on las' night, an' er huck run inter him  
an like ter bust him open." It was a fact.  
He had collided with a cab in front of the  
theaters and was badly hurt. Of course  
that clinched the sinister reputation of  
the hat, and to satisfy my wife I gave it  
to Aunt Andy, our cook, and told her  
to throw it into the trash barrel.  
"Now comes the really queer part of  
the story. Two or three days afterward  
a boy came to the house at about dusk  
with a message from police headquarters,  
saying that Pete, a faithful old darky  
who looks after our horse and buggy, had  
been arrested for fighting. I knew him  
to be a very peaceable old fellow, so I  
hurried down to investigate and found  
him sitting in a cell with his head swathed  
in gory bandages. It seemed that he  
had been set upon by a couple of darky  
roughs and severely beaten before the  
officer arrived and put all under arrest.  
I offered myself as his surety, and  
in a few moments he was released. "I  
done got er mighty bad crack on th' head," he said in telling about the fracas,  
"but I wouldn't keer if that triflin' nigger  
hadn't spilled my new hat." As he spoke  
he held up the wreck by the brim, and  
something about it struck me as being  
familiar. "Where did that hat come from?"  
I asked with a sudden misgiving. "Aunt  
Mandy give it to me," he replied. I snatch-  
ed it out of his hand and kicked it into  
a sewer opening. "Pete," said I solemnly,  
"would better thank the Lord that ye're  
alive."  
"The hoodoo hat hasn't been heard  
from since, and I trust sincerely I have  
put a period to its mischievous crime."—  
New Orleans Times-Democrat.

POETIC LEGEND OF PECOS.  
The Fall of a Tree That Fulfilled a  
Prophecy.  
Through all the grotesque darkness of  
Pueblo superstition runs a bright thread  
of poetic legend, and one legend, since it  
is woven around the ruined estufa in the  
ruined pueblo of Pecos, has a right to be  
told here.  
Pecos was founded by the man god, the  
Montezuma himself, and he therefore  
probably felt a protective interest in it.  
At any rate, when the usurping Span-  
iards laid upon the conquered Pueblos a  
cursed rule of restraint and wrong Mon-  
tezuma invoked against them the aid of  
his brother gods in heaven. These told  
him to plant a tree upside down beside  
the chief estufa of Pecos and to light a  
holly fire upon the altar, and if the fire  
were kept burning until the tree fell then  
would there come to the rescue of the op-  
pressed a great pale faced nation and de-  
liver them from the Spanish thrall.  
So the fire was lit and a sentinel was  
posted to guard its sacred flame, and the  
tree was planted—under the circum-  
stances the planter would be excusable  
in planting the tree as insecurely as pos-  
sible. But year after year passed, and the  
tree remained standing. Sentinel suc-  
ceeded sentinel and the flame lived on  
Generations withered away, yet deliv-  
erance seemed so near that the people  
came a rumor from old Santa Fe that the  
city had surrendered to a white faced  
people. Was this the band of deliverers?  
That day at noon the sacred tree toppled  
and fell. Spanish rule was no more. The  
prophecy had been fulfilled.  
If there is any unbeliever of this legend  
let him go to the ruins of Pecos and see  
for himself that, whereas the city was  
built upon a mesa so barren that no trees  
were there; nor ever have been there, yet  
across the crumbling estufa lies the fall-  
ing body of a pine of mighty growth. The  
like of it is not for many miles around.  
Where, then, did it come?—Leslie's  
Weekly.

Why He Kicked.  
For reasons which will assert them-  
selves herein the names of the parties  
who figure in this story cannot be men-  
tioned. Both, however, were well known  
actors.  
They met one day, and the following  
conversation took place:  
First Actor—I understand you are at-  
tacking my character among friends.  
Second Actor—What of it? I admit I  
said a number of things about you.  
"Well, I warn you now you'd better  
quit."  
"I haven't said anything which isn't  
so."  
"That's just what I'm kicking about.  
You can lie about me all you please, but  
you've got to quit telling the things you  
have been telling."—Chicago News.

The Difference.  
Mother—Clara, I wish you would take  
this package of cornstarch over to Mrs.  
Goodwin's.  
Clara—Mother, you know how I hate  
to lug a bundle around. I know it isn't  
heavy, but then it's such a bother.  
And then she took her bag of golf  
sticks and carried them all the afternoon  
over a 20 acre lot without so much as a  
murmur of discontent.—Boston Tran-  
script.

The Easy End.  
Lady—Are you willing to saw wood if  
I give you your dinner?  
Tramp—No; but I'll do the other half.  
Lady—The other half of what?  
Tramp—The adage. I'll say nothing.—  
Chicago News.

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Summer Drinks,  
Ginger Ale, Lemonade, Root Beer  
Tonic, Vanilla, Janyas and Straw-  
berry Beer, Coffee, Chocolate and  
Soda Water in syphons for hotel and  
family use. Fountains charged at  
short notice.  
Bottler of Eldridge and Minors Lakes Layer,  
Porter, Refined Cider, Cream and  
Stock Ale.  
ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED  
A continuance of patronage is solicited from  
loyal customers and the public in general, and  
every endeavor will be made to fill a order  
promptly and in a satisfactory manner.  
C. E. Boynton  
18 Bow Street, Portsmouth

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®







EASTERN DIVISION.

W. L. Harrington & Co. in Effect Oct. 8.

For Boston, 3:50, 7:30, 8:15, 11:53 a. m., 2:21, 4:00, 7:38 p. m. Sunday, 8:30, 8:45 a. m., 2:21, 6:03 p. m.  
For Portland, 9:55, 10:45 a. m., 3:45, 8:50, 9:30, 10:30 p. m. Sunday, 8:30, 10:45 a. m., 8:55 p. m.  
For Wells Beach, 9:55 a. m., 2:45, 5:23 p. m. Sunday, 8:30 a. m.  
For Old Orchard and Portland, 9:55 a. m., 2:45, 5:23 p. m. Sunday, 8:30 a. m.  
For North Conway, 9:55 a. m., 2:45 p. m.  
For Somersworth, 4:50, 9:45, 9:55, 10:45, 2:40, 2:45, 5:30 p. m.  
For Rockville, 9:45, 9:55 a. m., 2:40, 2:45, 5:23, 8:30 p. m.  
For Dover, 4:50, 9:45 a. m., 12:30, 2:40, 5:23, 8:30 p. m. Sunday, 8:30, 10:45 a. m., 8:55 p. m.  
For North Hampton and Hampton, 7:20, 8:15, 10:53 a. m., 5:00 p. m. Sunday, 8:00 a. m., 5:00 p. m.

Trains for Portsmouth.

Leave Boston, 7:40, 9:00, 10:10, 11:30, 12:30, 3:00, 4:45, 7:00, 7:45 p. m. Sunday, 4:30, 8:20, 9:00 a. m., 6:40, 7:00 p. m.  
Leave Portland, 2:00, 9:00 a. m., 12:45, 6:00 p. m. Sunday, 2:00 a. m., 12:45 p. m.  
Leave North Conway, 7:25 a. m., 4:15 p. m.  
Leave Rochester, 7:19, 9:47 a. m., 3:50, 6:25 p. m. Sunday, 7:00 a. m.  
Leave Somersworth, 8:33, 7:32, 10:00 a. m., 4:05, 6:30 p. m.  
Leave Dover, 6:50, 10:24 a. m., 1:40, 4:30, 6:30, 9:25 p. m. Sunday, 7:30 a. m., 9:25 p. m.  
Leave Hampton, 9:22, 11:53 a. m., 2:13, 4:59, 6:16 p. m. Sunday, 6:20, 10:00 a. m., 8:09 p. m.  
Leave North Hampton, 9:48, 11:59 a. m., 2:19, 5:03, 6:21 p. m. Sunday, 6:30, 10:13 a. m., 8:15 p. m.  
Leave Greenland, 9:35 a. m., 12:05, 2:25, 5:11, 6:27 p. m. Sunday, 6:35, 10:18 a. m., 8:20 p. m.

SOUTHERN DIVISION.

PORTSMOUTH BRANCH.

Trains leave the following stations for Manchester, Concord and intermediate stations:

Portsmouth, 8:30 a. m., 12:45, 5:25 p. m.  
Greenland Village, 8:39 a. m., 12:54, 5:33 p. m.  
Rockingham Junction, 9:07 a. m., 1:07, 5:58 p. m.  
Epping, 9:22 a. m., 1:21, 6:14 p. m.  
Raymond, 9:32 a. m., 1:32, 6:25 p. m.  
Returning leave:  
Concord, 7:45, 10:25 a. m., 3:30 p. m.  
Manchester, 8:30, 11:10 a. m., 4:20 p. m.  
Raymond, 9:10, 11:48 a. m., 5:02 p. m.  
Epping, 9:22 a. m., 12:00 m., 5:15 p. m.  
Rockingham Junction, 9:47 a. m., 12:17, 5:53 p. m.  
Greenland Village, 10:01 a. m., 12:29, 6:06 p. m.

Trains connect at Rockingham Junction for Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence and Boston. Trains connect at Manchester and Concord for Plymouth, Woodsville, Lancaster, St. Johnsbury, Newport, Vt., Montreal and the west.

Information given, through ticket agents and baggage checked to all points at the station.

D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. & T. A.

Y. H. & B. R. R.

Leave Portsmouth, 8:40 10:50 a. m., 2:50, 5:50 p. m.  
Leave York Beach, 6:25, 10:00 a. m., 1:30, 4:05 p. m.

W. T. PERKINS, Supt.

PORTSMOUTH, KITTERY & YORK STREET R.Y.

Winter Arrangement, 1900

Ferry pilles between Portsmouth and Kittery, making close connection with the electric cars.

Ferry leaves P. E. & Y. landing, Portsmouth, for Kittery, Kittery Point, Sea Point, York Corner, York Village, York Harbor and York Beach—6:55, 7:25, 7:55, 8:25, 8:55, 9:25, 9:55, 10:25, 10:55, 11:25, 11:55 a. m., 12:25, 12:55, 1:25, 1:55, 2:25, 2:55, 3:25, 3:55, 4:25, 4:55, 5:25, 5:55, 6:25, 6:55, 7:25, 7:55, 8:25, 8:55, 9:25, 9:55, 10:25, 10:55 p. m.

Car leaves Sea Point for Portsmouth—6:45, 6:50, 7:30, 8:30, 9:30, 10:30, 11:30 a. m., 12:30, 1:30, 2:30, 3:30, 4:30, 5:30, 6:30, 7:30, 8:30, 9:30, 10:30, 11:30 p. m.

Car leaves York Beach for Portsmouth—6:45, 6:50, 7:30, 8:30, 9:30, 10:30, 11:30 a. m., 12:30, 1:30, 2:30, 3:30, 4:30, 5:30, 6:30, 7:30, 8:30, 9:30, 10:30, 11:30 p. m.

Sunday time same as on week days, except that the first boat leaves ferry landing, Portsmouth, at 7:55 a. m., and first car leaves York Beach at 7:50 a. m.

For special and extra car address, call on W. G. MELOON, Gen. Manager.

U. S. NAVY FERRY LAUNCH NO. 137.

GOVERNMENT BOAT.

FOR GOVERNMENT BUSINESS.

Leave Portsmouth, 8:10, 8:30, 8:50, 9:10, 10:00 a. m., 12:15, 1:55, 2:15, 3:30, 4:30, 5:00, 6:00, 10:00 p. m. Sundays, 10:07, 11:45 a. m., 12:15, 12:45 p. m. Holidays, 10:00, 11:00 a. m., 12:00 m.

Leave Navy Yard, 8:00, 8:30, 8:40, 9:15, 10:00, 11:45 a. m., 1:45, 2:05, 9:00, 4:00, 4:25, 5:15, 7:30 p. m. Sundays, 10:00, 10:15 a. m., 12:00 m., 12:30 p. m. Holidays, 9:40, 10:30, 11:30 a. m.

\*May 1st until October 1st  
\*Wednesdays and Saturdays only.

TRULY AUTOMOBILE

Tons of Ice Transported Over a Hill by Its Own Weight.

At the houses of a Maine ice company at West Brooksville, Me., the blocks of ice are taken from Walker's pond, pulled up a steep hill and carried a half a mile to the head of Eggemoggin reach, a branch of Penobscot bay, and the whole work is performed without using any power except gravitation.

The large town of Brooksville just escaped being an island. Walker's pond lies in the southwest corner of the town, nothing but a horseback a half a mile wide parting it from salt water. Bagdad river flows from the east end of the pond, going east, then north and finally sweeping to the west and southwest, when it empties into Penobscot bay between Castine and Brooksville, having gone more than 30 miles to end within less than a mile of its source. Walker's pond, from which the company gets its ice, is about 300 feet higher than the waters of the bay just over the hill. The icehouses are on a wharf facing the ocean. The company has an endless chain elevator running from the pond over a slight hill down to the icehouses, and when the ice is ready to house the heavy belt to transport the cakes is put in motion by loading its ocean end with stones until the wheels turn with the added weight, when the chain moves on, bringing up its load of ice.

As the tops of the houses are some 250 feet lower than the pond and the ocean side of the run is twice as long as the pond side so soon as the endless belt is fully loaded with ice on both sides the down hill side has power enough to pull all the ice out of the pond without stopping, and thousands of tons of latent energy are thus kept over.

The surplus force is controlled by two men who stand on top of the hill and apply powerful brakes until the proper speed is secured, after which the machinery runs itself.

If some one with a malicious turn of mind should bore through the base of the hill with an artesian drill and strike the bottom of the pond, the water pressure would soon force a large hole through the gravel, and Walker's pond, which is three miles long by a half mile wide, would be wiped from the map of Maine.

The historically famous Bagdad river, the outlet of the pond and the dividing line between Brooksville, on the interior, and Sedgewick, Penobscot and Castine, on the outside, would also cease to exist.

So long as Walker's pond yields excellent perch, pickerel and alewives, in addition to ice that can be shipped the year round, and so long as the Bagdad furnishes tons of smelts and thousands of muskrat pelts every year this interesting but melancholy experiment will not be tried.—Boston Globe.

VINTON LOST HIS BET.

Yet It Made His Reputation For Winning Greater Than Ever.

An officer named Vinton was celebrated in his garrison for winning every bet. None of his comrades could boast of ever having been successful, and at last no one cared to bet with him. One day Vinton was transferred to another regiment, but the fame of his peculiar luck had already spread before him. After a supper tendered him by his new comrades on the evening of his arrival and when champagne made its appearance the colonel called out:

"Is it really true, Vinton, that you win every bet?"

"Yes, colonel."

"But how on earth do you do it?"

"Oh, very simply. I am a physiognomist."

"Well, what, for instance, can you read in my face?"

"I can see," said Vinton promptly, "that the old wound in your side has broken out again."

"Nonsense!" thundered the colonel.

"Perhaps you do not like to speak of it."

"Oh, you don't believe me! What will you bet?"

"Anything you please, colonel."

"A penny?"

"All right, a penny."

The colonel at once proceeded to direct himself of his coat and shirt, and a scrutiny by all the other officers present revealed the fact that there was no trace of a wound whatsoever.

"You have lost your bet, Vinton," shouted the colonel, resuming his garments.

"I have lost, but men may err sometimes. Here is your penny."

When the colonel reached his quarters that night, he wrote to his old chum, the colonel in command of Vinton's former regiment:

"Dear Friend—The story about Vinton's luck is all humbug. He has just made a bet of \$25 that I had a wound in my side and of course lost it."

The answer came back:

"Your greenness is truly charming. Your winning \$25 has cost me \$100. I'll bet you that some day on the day of his leaving that he would make you on his last evening of meeting take off your shirt in the presence of your fellow officers."—London Tit-Bits.

Siberian Rivers Well Lighted.

One of the most remarkable features of the Russian navigation of Siberian rivers consists in the thorough way in which each vessel of the navigable 3,000 or more is lighted. There is always a lamp-post in sight, and these are painted white or red, so as to be easily discernible during the day. This must necessitate the employment of at least 1,000 lightkeepers, who also patrol and sound the river's depth within their respective beats. Each isolated wood pile must also have its guardians, who live near by in a log hut or two.—New York Tribune Correspondence.

A Discovery.

"It's very remarkable," said Mr. Meekton pensively, "very remarkable indeed. I really think the matter is worth bringing to the attention of science." "What are you talking about?" "Our 6-year-old son, Telemachus, Henrietta and I were discussing him, and after ten minutes' conversation it was conclusively demonstrated that he inherited all his good qualities from his mother and all his bad ones from me."—Washington Star.

A Hotel Keeper in Germany who pays his waiters \$3 a month declares that he would have to give them \$75 a month were he to give them what they receive in fees too.

Tobacco leaves are not "chewed up." The ribs of the leaves are among the substances out of which paper is made.

BOER FIGHTERS HERE.

Pearson and Five Comrades to Appeal to America.

SAY KRUGER MAY ALSO COME.

After He Has Toured France—The Boers Will Never Give Up, Declares Commissary General of the Transvaal Army.

New York, Nov. 27.—Commissary General Samuel Pearson of the Boer army and five comrades whose homes previous to the war were in the Orange Free State arrived in this country yesterday on the steamer Statendam, which sailed from Rotterdam. In the party are Commandant W. D. Snyman and his 16-year-old son, Commandant A. Liebenberg, Hercules D. Voljeon and A. Spurier. They are all stopping at the Union Square hotel. General Pearson, who is the spokesman, says that none of them knows a single person in the United States. He is 41 years old, of medium height and built like a prizefighter. Previous to the war he was at the head of a firm of shipping agents, with offices in several towns in South Africa. Commandant Snyman and Liebenberg have served several years in the Cape Town legislature. General Pearson said:

"We are here simply on a tour of investigation. We were driven out of our own country, and we will do everything we can here to aid our cause. We want to observe what the feeling of the American people is. We will tell them about our struggle if they care to hear us, although we are not here in any official capacity. If sympathy is expressed for us by the American people, we might try and have this sympathy made practical. I was at the head of the commissary department of our army and saw much of the fighting. The last work I figured in was covering the retreat of General Louis Botha's command to the Portuguese frontier. I had a dozen men with me, and we tore up the railroad all along the line. We were constantly within striking distance of the British and had a hot time of it. We managed to keep them back until Botha reached the Portuguese line on Sept. 24. Then he doubled on the enemy, but I had to continue on into Portuguese territory. I went to Delagoa Bay, where I met my companions. Previous to the war they were British subjects, but joined our fight for independence. Had they been caught they might have been shot for treason, so we had to keep in hiding from the British spies until we boarded a steamer for Naples. Our wives and children are in the hands of the enemy.

"From Naples we went to Brussels and then traveled about the continent before sailing for America. After we have seen New York I will consult Montagu White, our representative at Washington, and decide on what to do."

Kruger May Visit United States.

"Will President Kruger come here?" was asked.

"That I cannot say," replied General Pearson. "When he gets through in France, he may visit this country, but I am not here to arrange for his coming. The Boers have about 18,000 men in the field carrying on the guerrilla warfare, and Botha will keep on fighting as long as he has ten men to help him. The Boers will never give up the fight for independence. A thing that ought to be stopped is the cruel treatment that our women have received at the hands of the British. Outrages have been frequently committed by the enemy, who have disregarded all laws of humanity. General Roberts surely must have heard of these crimes, but he has taken no means to end or prevent them. The war has caused a condition which will take the Transvaal a long time to recover from. Houses and long time have been burned by both the Boers and the British. The enemy have stopped at nothing to make us give in. I had to destroy \$100,000 worth of supplies to prevent the British capturing them.

"President Steyn of the Orange Free State told me before I left to tell the American people that his country would never be taken as long as he was alive. He is still there and fighting. President Kruger had to go away. He is 76 years old and was only an obstacle to the young men who are carrying on the war. But no better or more patriotic man than he ever lived. This talk that he carried to Europe with him a large quantity of gold is absurd."

Heavy Floods in West Virginia.

Guyandotte, W. Va., Nov. 27.—Continued rains for the past 48 hours have produced unprecedented floods in the Guyandotte valley. The river and its tributaries are overflowing their banks and there are bearing away quantities of cross ties, lumber and other property. Some 9,000 logs have gone out, taking with them the false works of the two new railroad bridges south of Barboursville. The loss is estimated at \$20,000 to \$25,000. The track of the new Guyandotte Valley railroad, just completed to Salt Rock, a distance of 18 miles, has been almost ruined.

Killing of "Apache Kid."

Salt Lake City, Nov. 27.—Details have been received of the killing of the supposed "Apache Kid" near Pachuco, Mex. The killed included three Indians, one of them supposed to be the notorious "Apache Kid," for whom the United States government has offered a reward of \$5,000. The other dead were an Indian squaw and a papoose, who fell in the fight, it not being known that the adult was a woman, and the child was not seen until after the fight. The shooting was done by two men whom the Indians had robbed and who had followed the band.

Harriet Schmolli Acquitted.

Syracuse, Nov. 27.—A verdict of not guilty was reached by the jury in the Harriet Schmolli murder case at 7:15 last evening. On June 9, 1900, Mrs. Schmolli shot and killed Mrs. Lulu Ostroff at Baldwinsville. It was shown at the trial that Mrs. Ostroff had been intimate with Mrs. Schmolli's husband and had taunted her, as the defense claimed, beyond endurance. The defense was temporary insanity.

Rejected Lover Shoots Trained Nurse.

Richmond, Nov. 27.—C. L. Williamson, a rejected lover, shot Miss Betty L. Stucky, a trained nurse at the Virginia hospital, last night. She is wounded in the side and arm, but will recover.

King Oscar Is Better.

Stockholm, Nov. 27.—King Oscar is steadily improving. He took a long walk yesterday in the royal garden.

CUTTING THE HAIR.

It is said to be injurious rather than helpful.

The question, Does "cutting promote the growth of hair?" is answered by the Frankfurter Wochenblatt in this wise: "It is believed by laymen and professional hairdressers that cutting largely increases the growth of the hair. This belief begins with the involuntary comparison of the hair with a plant. As grass that is often cut short grows again and becomes thicker, so, it is believed, the hair should do when it is cut.

"This comparison, however, is a false one. A developed hair is a perfectly formed mass of horn which has nothing further to do with the case in which the hair rests than to receive from it from below further growth and to be held firmly by it. In this mass of horn, as in the nails of the fingers and the toes, there is no longer any sap in circulation. This mass, so to speak, is a product which cannot be quickened and strengthened by new nourishment because the latter cannot enter it.

"On the other hand, what happens in a blade of grass is totally different. The blade of grass is a network of fine ducts in which is constantly circulating the nourishment which the blade draws from the root. It presents in contrast with the dead body of the hair a living, vegetating substance which has a most intimate connection with the condition of its root and which dries up infallibly when it is separated from its root, while the hair will remain unaffected for thousands of years after its papilla has withered away.

"We need cite only one irresistible proof of this, the hair on the heads of mummies. The root of the hair as long as it exists can produce a new hair while the old hair has fallen out, while the root of many a plant gives existence to one sprout only and then together with it dries and dies. The more a hair is disturbed in its natural growth by continually cutting off its ends the less rest its papilla, the real producer of the hair, finds; the papilla, being constantly excited to excessive production, wavers finally in its activity, decays and dies.

"For this reason a woman with a bald head is never or seldom seen, as the natural and very slow process of the growth of a woman's hair is not disturbed. The individual hair reaches a definite length, after years it falls out of itself, and a new hair begins to appear as soon as the papilla has had time to rest itself thoroughly and to prepare itself for the process of a new growth. These are the reasons which lead to the obviously false conclusion that cutting the hair is rather injurious than useful."—Literary Digest.

A LONDON CROWD.

It Makes Fun For Itself With Water Squirters and Ticklers.

There is always a mixture of the horrible and the delightful in a London crowd. The "horrible" includes the water squirts, which are known by the name of "all the jolly fun." These squirts are also brought into requisition during the election by rude boys and girls to show their disapproval of certain quiet men who, on being interrogated, have declared their intention of voting in opposition to the views of the rude boys and girls. In a large crowd there are always hundreds of these squirts, which are always ready to be used as "all the jolly fun."

"Oh, missus! All the jolly fun to ye!" cries a street boy at a handsomely dressed woman in a carnival crowd, and into her face is squirted the water. This sort of "fun" is, of course, never resorted to by any but the lower Londoners, but lower Londoners make up a large part of a London crowd. It is useless to protest against it, and so far it has appeared useless to agitate the subject in parliament. Many times, so I am told, staid parliamentarians have given their attention to this subject and have brought up the proposition to abolish "all the jolly fun" by punishing any persons seen carrying one, but in spite of agitation against it "all the jolly fun" remains a horrible feature and fixture in a London crowd.

Another of the carnival horrors has been the "tickle," but it is an insignificant discomfit compared with "all the jolly fun." "Ticklers, ticklers—two a penny. Who'd be without a tickler when ticklers are so cheap?" This is the selling cry of the vender of peacock feathers, otherwise "ticklers." They sell like hot cakes in the London crowd, nearly every member of which seems to become possessed of a passion to tickle his or her neighbor on the ear or in the neck with a peacock's feather. The buying and manipulation of the "tickle" are not confined to the lower Londoners. College boys out for a lark and clubmen, having partly disguised themselves, are especially adept at wielding the peacock feather.—Chicago Post.

Senator Davis' Condition.

St. Paul, Nov. 27.—The reports from the bedside of Senator Charles K. Davis say that his strength is slowly ebbing away. His physicians do not anticipate a recovery. He is unable to eat and is unable to move, but he is anxious to see his family and to see his home.

In 1833, when Joe Jefferson was only 4 years of age, Rice appeared at a benefit at the Jefferson theater in Washington and carried the little fellow on the stage in a bag, costumed and blackened exactly like the Jim Crow Rice. As Rice shuffled on the stage he sang this couplet:

Ladies and gentlemen, I'd have you for to know I've got a little darky here to jump Jim Crow.

Whereupon he emptied the bag, and those who were present say that little Joe immediately assumed the attitude of the older Jim Crow and danced and mimicked Rice in a way that caused the audience to cheer.

Shortening the Time.

Friend—Doesn't the ride back and forth to the country every day seem long? Mr. Suburb—Long? It's too short. When I take the train in the morning, I know I've got to pitch in and work like a horse the moment the train reaches the city. That makes the ride seem too short, doesn't it?

"I presume it does; but how about the ride back?"

"Well, I always remember after I start that I've forgotten something my wife wanted particularly, so that ride is always over too quick!"—New York Weekly.

The Typhoon.

The typhoon of the orient is an own sister of the West Indian cyclone. It is generally in low latitudes, late in the summer or early in the autumn, at the western edge of the Pacific, not far from the Philippines. It begins its career by moving westward, but in time returns to the coast of China and Japan.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

THE INFLUENCE CHRISTY'S TROUPE HAD ON ITS FAME.

John B. Gough, Edwin Forrest and Joseph Jefferson Appeared in Burnt Cork—Thomas D. Rice, the Man Who Created Jim Crow.

Negro minstrelsy today has settled into a regular thing. People go to a show, enjoy it, memorize the "gags," work them off with an unconscious and spontaneous air on less fortunate friends, and then wait for the return of the show to lay in a new supply. But there was a time when minstrelsy had a beginning, just like the earth and Adam and Eve, and it was a beginning with a boom, and everything else gave way before it.

There is some disagreement as to which was the first minstrel organization, but undoubtedly it was Christy's minstrels that first spread the fame of the organized troupe and made an impression on the country. And as for its impression on the old world, where the band made its home for several years, Thackeray himself stands witness. Christy became synonymous with the word minstrel, as my own experience well attests.

A minstrel in this country has the satisfaction of knowing that he is working in a kind of amusement that is the genuine product of America. I suppose, however, that Shakespeare put the first negro on the stage (a Moor to him was a negro), but Othello was not a minstrel; he played a heavier line of business. From almost the beginning of American stage history there were negroes of the minstrel variety impersonated by the actors, though it was not until about the forties that they were organized into bands. Some of the greatest actors of later days had their experience as minstrels, among them Joe Jefferson and Edwin Forrest.

Forrest was given a negro "song and dance act" to do when he was very young, and after he had studied it up he asked where was the "old negro lady" that was to act as his assistant in the piece. The management tried several of the women who were members of the company, but none of them would consent to blacken up, and, in fact, they were very indignant over the proposition. The actor, however, was not easily discouraged, and on the night of the first performance he blackened up and went around the corner to an old negro woman who did his washing. "Hello, Dinah!" he said on entering. "How you be er feelin' dis berry fine evening?"

"Hello, yo!" replied the African lady. "Pears to me yo' am er berry fresh nigger."

"Use no nigger," answered Forrest. And then, time being rather short, he assumed his natural voice and told Dinah, much to her surprise, that he was Forrest, the actor, and that he wanted her to go on the stage with him that night and laugh loudly at frequent intervals, which was all the female part called for. The two made a great hit and were kept on for some time, which goes to show that Forrest might have been a good minstrel had he been of an ambitious nature.

The point is that when the minstrel bands were taking on character and shaping themselves for the future the women refused to take part, which, without being ungallant, I think was just as well.

The minstrel organization as it is known today was brought about by the wonderful success that certain men made as individuals. Most of these men are but dimly remembered today. One of them, curious to relate, was John B. Gough, afterward famous as a temperance orator. Another was the famous Thomas D. Rice, whose Jim Crow belongs to the history of nations. How Jim Crow found his way on the stage is an interesting part of the story of minstrelsy.

In 1829, while Rice was doing a small negro act at the Louisville theater, he happened to look out of the back window, which faced a stable kept by an old and broken down negro called Jim Crow. One of Crow's shoulders was much lower than the other, his left leg was stiff and crooked at the knee, so that when he walked he went up and down in a most ludicrous fashion.

This day he was standing in the yard humming a peculiar tune to himself, the words of which were his own. When he had finished a verse, he would give a jumping step, which has since become famous as "rockin' de heel." The refrain of his song was:

Wheel about, turn about,  
Do jes' so,  
An' erbery time I wheel about,  
I jump Jim Crow.

Rice saw that there was something new. He studied the old man, made the tune a little bit more lively, wrote a number of new verses, and copying the original very closely in make-up appeared as Jim Crow at the Louisville theater. It was recalled more than 20 times the first night and always after was known as Jim Crow Rice.

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THE IRISH JAUNTING CAR.

It is Described as the Jolliest Conveyance in the Universe.



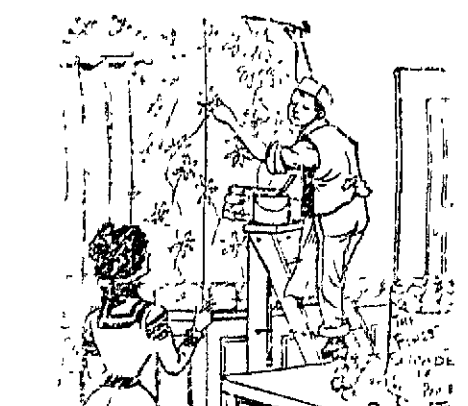
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**Eagle**  
QUAD-STAY.  
Sprockets always  
in line.  
Road Racer, \$50-  
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The lightest and easiest running bicycle in the world. Come and trade in your old wheel.

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BICYCLE STORE,**  
21 Fleet Street Portsmouth.



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IN ORDER**

now, and we have the finest stock of handsome wall papers, that range in price from 15 cents to \$5 per roll, suitable for any room, and of exquisite colorings and artistic patterns. Only expert workmen are employed by us, and our prices for first-class work is as reasonable as our wall papers.

**J. H. Gardiner**  
10 & 12 Daniel St. Portsmouth

**Buy Now!**

We just received a new lot of  
Buggies of all descriptions, Milk Wagons, Steam Laundry Wagons, Store Wagons and Sanchoke Carriages.

Also a large line of New and Second-Hand harnesses, Single and Double, Heavy and Light, and I will sell them at Very Low Prices.

Just drop around and look them, if you don't want to buy.

**THOMAS McCUE.**  
Stone Stable, -- Fleet Street.

**S. G.**  
BEST 10c. CIGAR  
In The Market.  
**S. GRZYNSKI, MFG.**  
Pure Havana.

**THE HERALD.**

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1900.

**CITY BRIEFS**

Hard coal is now \$6.50 per ton in this city.  
The stars came out bright soon after midnight.  
New gas mains are being laid in Miller avenue.  
25 assortments of Candy at the Globe Grocery Co.

Tuesday was pay day on the Boston and Maine railroad.

Look over the list of talent engaged for the great vaudeville show.

Friday is the feast of St. Andrew on the calendar of the Catholic church.

The scrape of the snow shovel has yet to be heard in this city, this season.

The December law term of the supreme court comes in at Concord next week.

There were two lodgers and one drunk in the police station on Tuesday night.

It was two years ago Tuesday when the steamer Portland was lost, with all aboard.

Many people have been down to Wallis sands to view the wreck of the Advance.

Not all of the poll taxes have been paid, which bothers Collector Parker considerably.

Frederick Oldfield and Charles M. Horton of this city have been granted patents on buttons.

There will be eight clear days in December, judging from the weather record of the past 23 years.

It is expected that the U. S. S. Eagle will have completed her survey work in Newport harbor December 8.

Every act engaged for the Thanksgiving day attraction at Music hall is well worth the price of admission.

This Piscataqua club held a social on Tuesday evening, in observance of its anniversary. It was attended by quite a large number.

The best that money can buy should be your aim in choosing a medicine, and this is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cures what others fail.

James C. Locke of Northwood and Fred E. Dams of Portsmouth have filed petitions in bankruptcy with the clerk of the United States court.

The body of John Moody, who died at the Cottage hospital, was taken to Gloucester, Mass., on Tuesday afternoon, for funeral services and interment.

It was a wild storm off this coast and the loss of lives and ships along the ocean line of New England will not be small. It has been a very hard November for the sailors.

The Portsmouth police have been requested to be on the lookout for two boys who made their escape from the State Industrial school in Manchester Saturday afternoon.

The November meeting of the Society of Colonial Wars was held Tuesday afternoon at the residence of Commander Joseph Giles Eaton, U. S. N., at the Charlestown navy yard.

When William A. Brady puts an attraction out, theatre goers are always satisfied that it is the best. The Sorrows of Satan company will be assured of a large audience on Friday evening.

The weather men predict, unofficially, that Thursday will be clear and cold. If the sun shines brightly and the streets are free from mud and water, truly it will be a day of Thanksgiving.

Dan Mahoney is back from Chicago with a string of horses for the racing stable of Maplewood farm. Among them is Phoebe O'ward, a sister of Mabel O'ward that sold for fifty thousand dollars recently.

Thanksgiving attractions in this city will be the vaudeville entertainments at Music hall, and the foot ball game at the park, in the daytime, and the Veterans firemen's ball and the private subscription assembly, in the evening.

Lyon and Crowley, the greatest comedians in the business, were at Music hall, Boston, last week. They have got a new song, which is dedicated to the memory of Charles Hoyt and will sing

**Everybody  
Knows  
About**

**Pain-Killer**

**A Household  
Medicine**

A Safe and Sure Cure for  
Croup, Coughs, Bronchitis,  
Diarrhoea, Colds, Burns,  
Sprains and Strains.

Gives instant relief.  
Two sizes, 50c. and 10c.  
Only one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis.

it at Music hall Thanksgiving, afternoon and evening.

No police court today.

Mixed Nuts of all kinds at the Globe Grocery Co.

This is a time of year when the turkey loses his head.

There has been more venison exposed for sale in this city this year than for several seasons past.

The indications are that the small boy who wants to go skating on Thanksgiving will be disappointed.

Tuesday night's snow squall lightened the hearts of the rabbit hunters, but the flurry did not amount to much.

The funeral of the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Lynes was held at the home on Fenhall street at eight o'clock this morning. The interment was in the Catholic cemetery.

A great day for the Thanksgiving traders and every one appears to be having all the business they can handle. Lots of farmers are in town today and all kinds of trade has been good.

A Kittery Point fisherman in the city this morning said that the wind was still east outside the harbor and that there was as much sea running now as there had been at any time during the storm.

Reed & Shaw, the greatest acrobats in the country, have just closed a four weeks' engagement at Keith's Boston theatre and were the wonder of the town. They will be seen in their original work at Music hall Thanksgiving, afternoon and evening.

Liverymen watched the snow so closely that they could almost tell exactly just how rapidly it was disappearing. Sleighing on Thanksgiving day means fat pocketbooks the next day for them, while muddy roads means a stable full of horses eating their heads off.

A long ocean trip for a tug is the one that the United States navy tug Wompatuck is to make from Brooklyn navy yard. She will proceed, so it is claimed, to Manila via the Suez canal. This tug is well known in this harbor, as she was a new vessel when purchased by the government during the Spanish war.

Secretary Long has announced that under the law authorizing the assignment of condemned cannon to municipalities, he had secured for the town of Buckfield, Me., a brass cannon, captured by the U. S. S. Eagle, under command of Lieut. Commander Southard from the armed Spanish merchant vessel, Santo Domingo. This cannon will be placed in the public library, soon to be erected.

General Manager Melo on of the P. K. & Y. road has had an enclosure made at the ferry landing in this city so that the fares of the navy yard workmen may be collected before the boat arrives mornings, and so that the men will be ready to board the boat very quickly and without loss of time. Before the enclosure was built it was necessary to take the fares as the men went aboard and this took too much time. Now the boat gets to the yard in good season.

**HOLE IN THE BRIDGE.**

A horse, or a pair of them, broke through a weak place in Sagamore bridge sometime on Tuesday evening, making a hole in the plank that threatened danger to any team or pedestrian coming along in the dark. William Dann, who lives close by, covered it over temporarily and stuck up a light there, and word was sent to the police station in this city. Officer Hilton was sent down, and the place was rendered passable.

**MILLIONS GIVEN AWAY.**

It is certainly gratifying to the public to know of one concern which is not afraid to be generous. The proprietors of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, have given away over ten million trial bottles and have the satisfaction of knowing it has cured thousands of hopeless cases. Asthma, Bronchitis, La Grippe and all throat, chest and lung diseases are surely cured by it. Call on Globe Grocery Co., and get a free trial bottle. Regular size 50c. and \$1.00. Every bottle guaranteed.

**PORTSMOUTH PRIESTS ASSISTED.**

The second solemn high mass of the three days' triduum celebration was sung at eight o'clock Tuesday morning at the Manchester cathedral by Rev. Fr. Eugene M. O'Callaghan, pastor of the Immaculate Conception church of Portsmouth. The deacon of the mass was the Rev. Fr. George F. Marshall of Milford and the subdeacon Rev. Fr. Matthew O'Connell of St. Patrick's church, Manchester. The sermon Tuesday night, when solemn vespers were sung, was by Rev. Fr. J. J. Lyons of St. Anne's, Manchester. The celebrant was Rev. Fr. Joseph F. O'Connell, curate at Portsmouth. The deacon was Rev. Fr. Gernier of the church of St. Anthony of Padua, East Manchester, and the subdeacon Rev. John B. Delaney, editor of the Garden.

**GOING TO PIECES.**

Cargo of the Advance strewn Along the Beach at Rye and Hampton.

Word comes from the life saving station at Wallis Sands that the sea along the coast is as high as at any time of the storm and if it does not abate there will be nothing left of the British schooner Advance, which was driven ashore at Bass Point, North Rye beach, during the heavy storm of Monday afternoon.

The vessel is pounding hard, and a large portion of her cargo of barreled alawives is strewn along the beach.

The belief that the vessel struck York or Boone Island ledges is generally shared by seafaring men, and they are almost agreed in their belief that the crew have perished. A few, however, hold out the hope that they reached the shelter of Boone Island, but this is a slight hope.

Word comes from Newburyport that a quantity of wreckage was cast up on Plum island, near the Knobs beach life-saving station. It included a patent fog horn, yawl boat and about 10,000 feet of boards. On a piece of the wheel was painted the word "vates," which leads to the belief that the wreckage is from the Advance.

Her cargo consisted of 1038 barrels of alawives, consigned to Lyon, Dupuy & Co. of Boston, which were valued at more than \$5,000, and a deckload of 45,000 of lumber for Mettson, Cutler & Co., valued at \$600.

A representative of an insurance company having a policy on the fish went to the scene of the wreck yesterday to endeavor to arrange for saving some of the cargo.

Capt. George Shand, who commanded the vessel, was the sole owner, having purchased her a year ago at a cost of \$2400. She was partially insured. Capt. Shand was forty years of age, and resided at Chatham, N. B. He had a wife and several small children. The names of the other members of the crew have not been learned, but there were probably four men besides the captain.

One occasion on which the keepers of Boon island lighthouse made a rescue from wrecked a vessel, not recently mentioned, was on Nov. 27, 1889, when the schooner City of Ellsworth went ashore there and the crew of three were saved and cared for. The vessel stranded through a misunderstanding of orders on a fair night with a light wind.

**JAILBREAKER CAUGHT.**

Michael Lane of Portsmouth. Held at Manchester.

Among the prisoners before the Manchester police court Tuesday morning was Michael Lane, a man of middle age, who had been apprehended for intoxication.

A four months' suspended sentence was charged against him, and he was about to be released when he was recognized as a man who had made his escape from the jail at Portsmouth eleven years ago.

The police officials of Manchester will await action of the Rockingham county officials before granting the man his liberty and he will be held pending their decision.

**OVERLOADED DECKS.**

Heavy deck loading of vessels in the southern lumber trade is attracting attention, and the wonder is how the practice in heavy loading could have proceeded thus far without entailing more serious consequences to vessel property. The deck cargoes carried by most of the vessels from southern ports have excited considerable comment. It is not understood, however, that this has had any effect on insurance rates as yet.

**QUITE BADLY BRUISED.**

A few days ago Mr. James Schurman, the well known ice dealer, was thrown from a cart, while driving on Middle road near his home. The horses became frightened by the breaking of the pole and started to run, throwing Mr. Schurman beneath the heavy cart, the rear wheels passing over his back. Fortunately the cart had only a few tools in it. Mr. Schurman was badly bruised, but no serious injury resulted.

**MAINE NOTES.**

The Maine woods are full of sportsmen.

Five members of the Biddeford fire department were found guilty of insubordination and one will be dropped from the department.

The Portland electric light company has made repairs to its wires which were downed by the ice storm that damaged lots of property in Maine.

Lawyer Frank W. Hovey of Biddeford wants to be United States district attorney for the district which takes in the state of Maine to succeed District Attorney Isaac W. Dyer of Portland.

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**GAS BILLS REDUCED 25 to 50 Per Cent.**  
Guaranteed Saving By attaching to any Gas Meter

**THE SLEEMAN AUTOMATIC GAS SAVING GOVERNOR**

INSURING GREATER BRILLIANCY, STABILIZER FLAME, SECURITY AGAINST FIRE, INSURANCE RISKS GREATLY REDUCED. NO BLOWING NOR SMOKING BURNERS. NO BROKEN GLOBES.

**Marvelous Sanitary Effects.**  
No Poisonous Vapors from Unconsumed Gas. No vitiated Atmosphere. No smoke-up Walls, Paintings nor Drapery.

**Practical Economy.**  
You pay their cost to Gas Company every three months, four times a year.

**Reliable and Durable.**  
And so constructed that it can not get out of order or wear out. No Acids or Mercury used to poison the Atmosphere.

Indorsed by U. S. Government and Leading Corporations throughout the Country.

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**Better than Government Bonds, Savings Banks Accounts, or Real Estate Investments.**

Is the Guaranteed Saving of from **25 TO 50 PER CENT** monthly on all Gas Bills.

WE COURT THE SEVEREST INVESTIGATION. CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

Prices from **\$15.00 TO \$400.** according to size of meter and number of lights.

Designed to take the place of the above for residences and small consumers. Goes in the burner. Can be adjusted by a child. Simple and durable. Absolutely controls the pressure and will save you from 30 to 60 per cent on your monthly bills. Will do all the work claimed for the large machine. Price, 25 cents each. \$2.50 per dozen. Sent postpaid on receipt of Postal, Money Order, Currency or Stamps. Liberal terms and exclusive territory to agents.

**THE GAS TIP REGULATOR**

**INTERNATIONAL GAS SAVING MAN'G CO.**  
126 LIBERTY STREET, NEW YORK.

**PERSONALS.**

Wallace Webster passed the day in Dover on business.

Mrs. J. William Watkins of Manning street is very ill at her home.

Frank Fritz has accepted a position as clerk in the store of A. E. Rand.

Miss Margaret Garrett, daughter of Alderman and Mrs. Freeman R. Garrett, is ill with scarlet fever.

Superintendent Pease of the Dover public schools, is visiting Superintendent H. C. Morrison of this city.

Charles Dondoro has arrived home from Dartmouth college to pass Thanksgiving with his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. William P. Miskell of Portsmouth were registered at the Revere house, Boston, on Tuesday night.

Miss Lottie Massey has come home from Lissell seminary, Auburndale, Mass., to pass Thanksgiving with her parents.

William C. Ham of the Boston custom house is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Deverson of New Castle avenue, until after Thanksgiving.

John H. Mahoney, drummer of the Portsmouth City band, will play with a ladies' orchestra from Raymond at a dance in Salmon Falls this Wednesday evening.

Howard Haskell, who has been visiting his brother in New York city for the past two weeks, has returned home and resumed his duties at the store of Oater and Benfield.

William H. Newick of Oswego, N. Y., has arrived in this city to attend the wedding of his brother, George Newick, and Miss Nellie Trefethen, this Wednesday evening.

Sergeant August Pitche of Battery K, Second United States artillery, now stationed at Morro Castle, has finished his term of service and joined his wife and children in this city.

Mrs. Alice Channoy and two children, Roland and Karl, of Melrose, Mass., who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Shapleigh for several days, returned home on Tuesday morning.

**STATE NEWS.**

Items of Interest to People in This Part of New Hampshire.

Two more boys have escaped from the state industrial school at Manchester.

The Hampton Endeavor society netted \$20 from its baby show.

Apple purchasers are paying \$1.25 to \$1.50 per barrel in Derry.

Surgeon U. H. White of the United States navy, retired, has returned to his home in Sandwich.

New Hampshire pensions—Increase, Vespuccius Daly, East Haverhill, \$10; war with Spain, original, John J. McCooey, Dover, \$12.

The insurance adjusters have been in Dover the past few days settling up the damage claim caused by the recent fire in the Daily Democrat office.

All the small pox patients at the Manchester pest house are reported as doing well, and there is no apprehension that any of the cases will result fatally.

The story to the effect that the Concord street railway has passed, or was about to pass, into the hands of the Boston & Maine railroad has been branded as false.

John Shaltry of Exeter was struck by a flying stick in the woodyard of Henry W. Anderson, which inflicted a severe gash in his physiognomy. The wound required a physician's attention.

The semi-annual convocation of the Grand lodge of New Hampshire, A. F. and A. M., will be held in Manchester with Washington lodge, Dec. 27, at 11 a. m., for the exemplification of work in the three degrees.

**For Over Fifty Years**

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children's teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

**OBSEQUIES.**

The funeral of Mrs. Susan E. Pickering was held in the Congregational church in Newington at two o'clock this afternoon. There was a large number of townspeople present together with the relatives to pay their last tribute of respect to the memory of the deceased and many floral offerings were contributed. The service was conducted by the pastor of the church. The interment was in the family lot in the Newington cemetery. Mr. O. W. Ham of this city had charge of the funeral arrangements.

**A TIMELY WORK.**

H. M. Caldwell Co. have published the Green Room Editions of "Little Minister," "Romeo and Juliet," "A Tale of Two Cities," "Vanity Fair," "The Three Musketeers," in handsome gift book style. Each volume contains illustrations from the play as taken from the work, together with an etched portrait of the principal character. In view of the many theatrical attractions offered to the public this season, taken from the works of the standard authors, these publications are timely.

**HARBOR FRONT NEWS.**

Arrived, Nov. 23—Tag International, Boston; tug Pallas, do.

Cleared, Nov. 18—Burgó Preston, Philadelphia.

The Herald contains all the latest news. Give it a trial.

**THE FLAG GOES UP**

In many strange and remote places nowadays. It goes up to stay and it means civilization, prosperity and happiness wherever it floats.

We have RAISED THE FLAG OF LOW PRICES in this city. It has gone up to stay. It means satisfaction and economy. It stands for the best Tailor-Made Suits and Overcoats at the Lowest Possible Prices.

Better Goods and Lower Prices than ever before.

**JAS. HAUGH**  
20 High Street.

**NOW**

Is the time to inspect the samples of **FALL and WINTER CLOTHING**

I have just received a new lot of samples and I am prepared to make suits from \$15.00 up and pants from \$4.00 up.

CLEANSING, REPAIRING AND PRESSING A SPECIALTY.

Perfect Satisfaction Guaranteed

**O'LEARY, THE TAILOR**  
5 Bridge Street.

**Old Furniture Made New.**

Why don't you send some of your badly worn upholstered furniture to Robert H. Hall and have it re-upholstered? It will cost but little.

Manufacturer of All Kinds of Customers and Coverings.

**R. H. HALL**  
Haver Street N. H. Market.

**PILES**

Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is a sure cure for PILES. It soothes, cures itching, inflamed, swollen, bleeding piles. Gives relief. Good as life. At Druggists.

For sale by George Hall, Druggist.